



## God's Housewife



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### Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Dehlia brushed the top of my nose with her heavy, pink gloves. A few soap bubbles from the dishes left them to stay on my face, white and smelling of lilac. She giggled at the sight. I did not.

"Dehlia, I know what you are."

"A housewife?" she mused playfully, now focusing on removing another layer of grease from a particularly stubborn plate.

"No. An archangel."

She stopped.

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